

Our Seasons / 二人 セゾン

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Summary:

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If asked, many people in the small town of Derry would not describe Stanley Uris as a ray of sunshine upon their life. As a matter of fact, they wouldn't associate that mature, immaculate, though a bit obsessive and quiet Jewish boy with anything that gives off warm radiation, let alone the flamboyant Sun. No, they would defend themselves, they didn't mean that the kid is the cold-blooded, angsty type of teenager, or that something isn't right with his head; it was just... well, he doesn't give off any trace of warmth. And slightly intimidating. Everything about Stanley is chilly, from the shade of colors he had chosen for his clothes; his expression, his polite but distant mannerisms, and even the feature of his face. It was as if over time, the coldness of the Uris kid had sipped in, completely absorbed by his physique, and officially became a true part of him, not just some assumptions that adults and children alike rubbed into his face. His matured outline was cold enough that even the natural warmth he supposes to have, as a child, silently backed off to the background and would never surface again.

To be honest, that was Mike's first thought of the boy, too, even for just a mere nanosecond, for Richie's mouth had never shut up on its own. He soon learned that Stan-the-Man wasn't that bad, but for a split second of the first impression, Mike felt the breeze of late autumn blew through his soul, even though it was summer. Frankly, it wasn't that bad; the chill and refreshment; just... a bit unexpected and it made his soul fluttered. Yet the chaos of summer left the young boy no time to further pondering about his own feelings and his friends, for there was a clown for them to kill; sometimes life flashed over too fast for his liking, and before his mind beckoning him to remember, the thoughts about Stanley's warm brown eyes the first time they met now are just a bubble of memories, no way to completely recall the experience. Just a broken, chained breeze of wind and shiny, glittering of lights reflected on the surface – of the heat inside his heart in retrospect.

The autumn four years later, with Stanley Uris' eyes once again flashed in front of his eyes – only now with a tint of smile on his face and the faint, bumpy dots of skin outline his jaw, somewhat healed

by time – just Mike recalled himself the first time their eyes met. One more difference is that the weather now is where the chilly breeze belongs to. Ah, one more thing, Mike silently reminded himself; the other's paler, soft and gentle hand is now perfectly fit into his darker, calloused hands. A perfect fit of fates, like the stories Mike once read in his childhood years.

And with all honesty in his heart, Mike would say Stanley is a late autumn evening. A serene, tranquil evening with the faint blue, smoked sky, the chilly, taunting breezes and the naked, lanky trees stripped off their luxuriant green masks, just like his heart whenever Stanley is looking at him, directly into his pupils. The brown eyes, alike and unlike the rest of his features, blow his friends' covers away. Not unforgiving like a vicious, stormy winds, but yet still strong and firm. Probably, the differences lie in the warmth underneath them, forcing but beckoning people to voluntarily stripped off their shells. Yet, Stanley is exceptionally aware of people's comfort zone and is patience and understanding enough to let that person cover the face everywhere else. Just not with Stanley Uris, that's it. So were the people of Derry right? Still, not so much. They didn't look for anything deep inside and obviously didn't bother to notice and ponder about unpretentious details of autumn. Derry, blind ole Derry, they made assumptions for them to simply recognize an individual then backed out to their own simple lives.

They forgot that leafs turn bright orange in autumn.

They forgot the warm orange shade of pumpkin in autumn.

They forgot the mischievous, sweet Halloween of autumn.

And they certainly missed the random ray of sunlight here and there, scattered throughout the season, making them question whether is it really close to winter yet. Spontaneous, but not surprising; visible, but neither apparent nor disruptive. The shine is soft and warm, full of hopes and erases winter out of one's mind. Stanley certainly is capable of caring; caring too much, even, and tire himself out. Yet he never shows it, whether he didn't dare or his slightly crooked definition of pride keeps him out of the acts. These are his moments that he let himself loose and dares to sprinkle his warmth out; the Losers, at moments like these, are usually too tired

to mock or reveal their surprise faces, simply accept this as a graceful and rare moment of their lives. Of course, they, and especially Mike love this, love how Stanley finally be honest with his feelings by actions, love how Stanley's features let out their softness and elegance for comforting purpose and Mike's world would be full of sunshine again. Stanley's aura, Stanley's comfort, is kind, soft and understanding, rather than anything flashing and energetic, and it's nothing strange to his usual self, just much deeper and more transparent. His boyfriend, most of the times, wouldn't straight out lying about any issues, just simply covers them up with the cool, uncaring facade of coldness, of assumptions everyone shoved into his face. Sometimes it's easier to be misunderstood, Mike thinks, would be how Stanley describe this.

That, pretty much, is Stanley. His Stanley. The one he discovered as days passed and luring him into the naive and peaceful years of youthful romance. The Stanley deep inside that shines light upon his heart and warms his soul, and the one silently convinces him from time to time that this isn't quite the time for winter yet. The Stanley, soft and caring, care enough for his friends and probably himself too, to elude the cover of the first impression on himself. Right now, the soft hand of Stanley is inside his, the long fingers curl softly, but firmly across his hand, and the sun is giving off warmth the color of young wheat, not yet heavy with grains of lifetimes. For once, the weights from four summers previous was pardoned. For now, for their silly little hearts filled with feelings. For the corner of their lips are raised with sunshine and laughter. For once, and this is certainly a long "once", they feel like they are seventeen.

They are seventeen, they are young, they still have all the times in the world.

This year, autumn was warm. And long.

They still have twenty-three years.